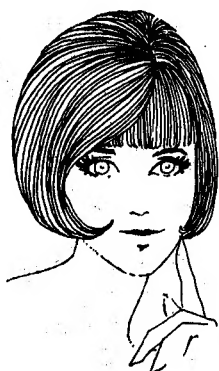


Teens ask Toni ...



Q. I'm getting my hair trimmed to the new medium length. How should I wear it? (I have bangs.) *D. L., Akron, O.*

A. Choose a 'do that's equally smashing for school, or evening datery. For example: the soft, curvy coif shown here. Sheared to just below the ears. With a smoothly rounded crown, and ends sweeping forward into a gentle upcurve. And, to *up-play* your new 'do-appeal, start with what turns it on—to stay: The UNcurly Toni! This quiet-mannered permanent gives your hairstyle

body, shape, curve—the kind that holds for keeps. Result? A zazzy 'do like this can go all day (and go-go all night) without losing its shape or chic! Try UNcurly Toni.

Q. Long straight styles are my bag, but nothing sets my hair as straight as I'd like it! Any help? *T. J., Baltimore, Md.*

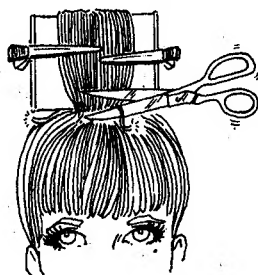
A. Plenty! The "bag" for you is Dippity-do—the clean n' sparkly setting gel that makes setting neater; faster; lets you get even the sleekest look—plus the extra hold it needs. (Loaded with body!) You simply smooth on Dippity-do, and your hair *grabs* the rollers! (No slips or drips.) Helps keep straight styles swinging straighter. Fab smoother-outer for bangs, too; and other slick effects you fancy. Now, bend an ear to *this*: You can get a 2 oz. trial size Dippity-do FREE! Regular, or extra holding. Send only 15¢ (for postage and handling) with your name, address and zip code, to DIPPITY-DO, Box 3001, Maple Plain, Minn., 55359. Then, try this new "CAN DO" for a super-straight look with *superific* hold!



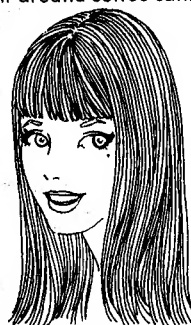
1. Recipe: Dippity-do, and a 1 lb. coffee can (to use as a giant roller!) Make a ponytail on top.



2. Dippity-do it ... comb through it. Wrap hair around coffee can.



3. Clip in place. Then snip off rubber band from ponytail, and you're set ...



4. ... to swing! With a *super* set. Because Dippity-do's super-bodiful hold sets it straight ... keeps it straight! (Great combo: a super roller—and Dippity-do!)

Any questions about hair care? Write Carol Douglas, The Toni Company, Box 3600, Chicago, Illinois 60654. Include your complete name and address.

CONTENTS

QUIZ ARTICLE P.4

Polly, put the cauldron on! Then, get out your witch hat and your broomstick and turn to page 4, where *P.E.* gives you Lesson One in "That Old Black (and White) Magic." As you'll learn from author Margaret Ronan, witchcraft is very much a thing of the present.

STORY P.8

He had the height to be a great basketball player, but what he really wanted to be was a mental giant like his father. "Ach, nein!" ("Oh, no!") he said when asked to lead a Liechtenstein *gymnasium* to victory on the court. It's a very funny story, the way Jack Ritchie tells it in "Basketball, Ach, Nein!"

SPEECH P.21

What's your C.Q.—Conversation Quotient? Do people generally enjoy talking with you? Do you listen attentively, speak tactfully? Test yourself by trying to correct the mistakes that Boor makes in our Speech Workshop this week.

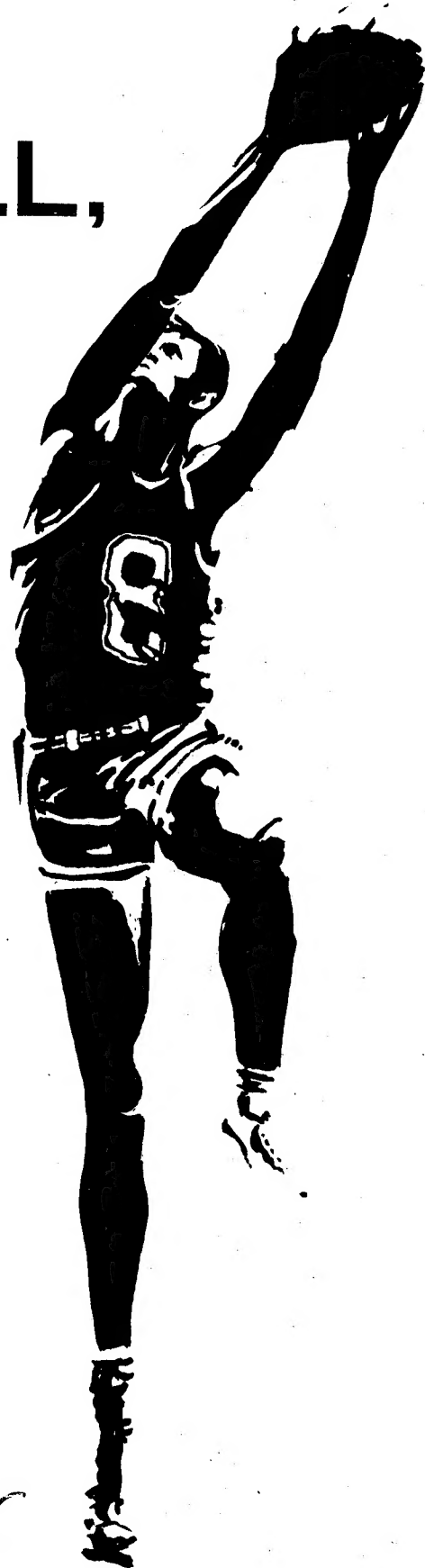
Also in This Issue

Profile: Margaret Howe	3
Poem: "The Way Through the Woods," by Rudyard Kipling	7
Mini-Quiz	13
Workshop: Writing	14
Practice Makes Perfect	15
Word Games	18-20
Say What You Please	22
Sports	24
Looking & Listening	26
Following the Films	27
DISCUSSIONS	29
Quick Quiz	31
Boy dates Girl	32

BASKETBALL, ACH NEIN!

JACK RITCHIE

..I had
always
looked down
on athletics
until I found
out that
einstein was
a pole-vaulter



I don't think that they had ever had any American as tall I am in their *Gymnasium*—which is what they call a high school in Liechtenstein—and Coach Werner was tickled pink.

He looked me over and up and approved. "Excellent. Over 192 centimeters in height, I should guess. Of course you will come out for our basketball team?"

So they have them here, too? I thought. Then I asked.

Coach Werner put my suitcases into the luggage compartment of his Volkswagen. "The game is sweeping Europe. There was the need for a new indoor sport during the winter months—one which promotes character, encourages health and agility, and also is not too expensive. With basketball, one requires not much more than a hardwood floor, an item with which most of our schools are already equipped. I have just organized a team, and we practice after school hours."

"Sorry," I said, "but I don't play basketball."

His smile weakened slightly. "You do not play basketball?"

I was getting a little tired of being asked that question by everybody—first in America and now in Liechtenstein. "Not only that," I said, "but my father doesn't play basketball either. When we walk down the street at home, people point at us and say, 'There go the tall Ryans, and neither one of them plays basketball.'"

The coach was a solid man with a generous mustache. He frowned thoughtfully. "It is true that in the form mailed to us there was no indication that you did or did not play basketball, but I simply assumed that to be an oversight considering that it contained information regarding your exceptional height."

I folded myself and squeezed into his car. "I don't play basketball and that's definite."

But basketball or no basketball, I was going to see a lot of Coach Werner anyway, because that's where I was being boarded for the year.

This whole student exchange thing started some time back, and I think Mr. Steiniger, back home at Stevenson High, is probably responsible for it.

Mr. Steiniger, who also teaches mathematics and is a counselor, was originally born in Liechtenstein and came to the U. S. when he was about fifteen years old. He's still got an accent, and considering that he's the only genuine Liechtensteiner in the 72 counties of our state, he's a pretty popular speaker at Ladies' Aids and Rotary Luncheons.

Well, anyway, what happens is that every year Stevenson High trades one student with this Liechtenstein *Gymnasium*, and this year I got tapped on the shoulder.

Liechtenstein is about 62 square miles in size, give or take a mountain, and it's stuck between Switzerland and Austria. Its head of state is a Prince, and it's been neutral on every subject under the sun for the last one hundred years.

Coach Werner got behind the wheel of his Volkswagen and we pulled away from the bus depot. His house in Vaduz, which is the capital of Liechtenstein, was on the other side of town.

He stopped at an intersection to let a herd of cows move by. "Have you never at least *tried* basketball?"

"I'm not interested in sports," I said firmly. "Particularly basketball." I cleared my throat. "I mean that my family doesn't go in for sports. We prefer to exercise that area between the two ears."

"Oh?" Coach Werner said. "And do you have a particular field of interest in this respect?"

"Mathematics," I said. "There's nothing like it."

He seemed to approve, but still he said, "I believe that it was Plato,

or some such foreign philosopher, who recommended the complete man—one who develops both his mind and his body."

"How was Plato as an athlete?"

Coach Werner rubbed his chin. "History does not say."

The cows passed and he drove on. "Did you know that Einstein was an outstanding pole-vaulter when he attended his *Gymnasium*?"

I looked at him, but he was busy making a left turn.

He pulled up in front of a cozy-looking house with gleaming windows. The place looked as if it had been around for a long time, but was well taken care of.

When we got inside, he introduced me to his son, Konrad.

I looked at Konrad and I mean at. Ninety-nine per cent of the time when I'm introduced to somebody, I have to look down. But Konrad was just about my height, and he had corn-colored hair.

"Konrad is what you in America call a straight 'A' student," Coach Werner said. He reached up and put a hand on his son's shoulder. "My great-grandfather, Wilfred, was also exceptionally tall, which explains Konrad's height. Great-grandfather Wilfred was also a great scholar and eventually became the foremost veterinarian in all of Liechtenstein."

Coach Werner went back outside to get my suitcases, and Konrad took me upstairs to show me the room he and I would share.

"What's this about Einstein's being a pole-vaulter?" I asked.

Konrad looked out of the window to where his father was flicking some dust off his Volkswagen with a handkerchief. "True. He held our national record for a number of years."

He moved away from the window. "My father is also a former athlete. Perhaps the best which Liechtenstein has ever produced. In the Olympics he captured twelfth

Basketball, Ach Nein!

(Continued from page 9)

place in the hop, skip, and jump."

He took a chair and sighed. "It is most difficult to be the son of a famous athlete. People expect one to follow suit. Unfortunately, I have always been most ungainly for my age, whichever age I happened to be. Even at soccer I have failed, and for a European, that is the ultimate."

He brightened a little. "I think that the principal reason my father introduced American basketball into Liechtenstein was that I have failed at everything else and he has become desperate. He must feel that this time my height will give me a distinct advantage."

"How are you doing?"

He winced slightly. "However, things will change now that you are here."

"What have I got to do with it?"

He smiled wisely. "I think it is more than a coincidence that my father volunteered to board this year's exchange student and he just happens to be tall. I have the sly suspicion that it is intended that you teach me how to play basketball with some proficiency."

I gave him the bad news. "I don't play basketball."

It shook him a little. "But surely, as an American, you must have at least seen a basketball game?"

I admitted to that.

"Well," Konrad said optimistically, "then already you know more about the game than anyone else in Liechtenstein. My father has formed the team, but he is coaching it by a book which he has read. Surely you could give me some personal pointers upon how to con-

duct myself on the basketball floor?"

I was going to give him a definite no, but then I thought it over and realized that it was going to be a long year in a small room if I didn't at least go through the motions of trying to help Konrad.

And so that's how I happened to be at basketball practice the next day after school.

There were some thirty kids trying out for the team, and the ones who were practicing dribbling wore glasses with the bottom half of each pair painted black.

Coach Werner thought he had to explain that to me. "When one dribbles the ball, it should be almost a reflex action. One must learn to *feel* where the ball is and to anticipate its bounce rather than to keep the eye upon it. This I have read in my book."

I watched Konrad try his hand at it. He dribbled high, slow, and worried, and his toe accidentally met the ball. He managed to kick it clear across the court and I had the feeling that this sort of thing happened fairly often.

After he recovered the ball, he put aside his glasses and tried some lay-up shots. He missed half a dozen in a row, and he came over to me. "Is there something which I do wrong?"

Everything, I thought, but I didn't say so. I believe in mercy. "Well, for one thing, you take off on the wrong foot."

He sighed. "There are so many elements in this game. Dribbling is a career in itself. Then there are the push shots, the hook shots, the long shots, the short shots, the medium shots, the free throws, the

lay-ups, the rebounds, and the tap-ins. Also there is passing and faking and heaven knows what else. It is enough to confuse one, and I am thoroughly such."

I gave him what instructions I could and sent him back out on the floor again. He tried more of the lay-up shots, but not only was there no improvement, he seemed to be getting worse.

Finally I took the ball from him. "Like this, Konrad," I said. I took it in, made the jump, and let the ball flow off my fingertips into the basket.

Konrad was impressed. "Magnificent."

Coach Werner had been watching, too, and now he came over. He grinned. "So? You do not play basketball?"

I dropped the ball like a hot potato. "No," I said a little too loud. "I don't."

He studied me. "Ah, I see. You wish to equivocate? You do not *now* play basketball, but you *have* in the past?"

I looked at my watch. "I'd better get back. I've got a lot of homework to do tonight."

I got out of there fast, sweating a little, and walked back to the Werner house.

The whole thing began some time ago.

Me and basketball, I mean.

I was still in grade school when I first put my hand on a basketball and took a throw at the hoop.

And that was it.

Right from the beginning I could see that I had a gift for handling this type of ball, and as I grew older nothing happened to change it. I got the height, I de-

veloped big hands, and for somebody with my altitude, I was pretty fast.

There was just one trouble.

Caesar divided the world into three parts, but my father divided it into two—one part occupied by people who went out for sports and the other by those who didn't.

My Dad is long and tall, like me. He never talks too much, but he smiles often and he's always thinking. I mean that's what he gets paid for—pure thinking.

He's a professor of mathematics over at the downtown campus of the university back home. He teaches some classes, but he's got seniority and so mostly he works on formulas and the like. When the president of the university says publish or perish, Dad just smiles and reaches into his desk drawer for another paper he just wrote.

What I mean is that in our house, the mind is the total. It's what counts.

And so when I first told Dad that I was interested in basketball, he looked a little pained and I got the message. As far as he was concerned, sports were a big nothing.

I don't mean that he laid a heavy hand on my shoulder and said, "I don't want you to play basketball."

No, nothing like that at all. If he'd said those words, I would have quit the game right then and maybe even forgotten it.

But he left me free to do as I pleased. He wasn't for basketball, but he didn't come out against it either. So I played the game in grade school and never brought up the subject in our conversations.

In high school, I went out for

the team, and the future looked good, except that I began getting B's in my math subjects. Now most people would think that getting B's in mathematics is pretty good. But not when you used to get A's and happen to be the son of a professor of mathematics.

Even Mr. Steiniger, when he talked to me at the midsemester conference, seemed a little worried about those B's. He even suggested that I switch my concentration to something like biology, but I turned that down.

Dad didn't do any more than rub his jaw when I brought home my grades, but I could see what he was thinking. Was basketball interfering with my grades?

Well, in a way.

The thing is that I'd discovered high school math was a lot tougher for me than for most people. I could still get those A's—for a while at least—but it meant that I'd have to put in a lot of extra time to do it.

Something had to go and it was basketball.

And now that I was here in Liechtenstein, I was going to keep on getting A's—especially in mathematics—and nothing was going to interfere. Not even basketball.

After school, I kept donating a half-hour of my time to making a basketball player out of Konrad, but that was all. I didn't put a finger on the basketball myself.

At the end of the week I got a letter from home. Mom wrote the usual stuff about how things were there and how they missed me.

"And by the way, you've got your father doing research on Einstein. He says he can find nothing

to substantiate your statement that Einstein was a pole-vaulter.

"Are you absolutely positive?"

That evening I was in my room slogging away at the books when there was a knock at the door and it was Coach Werner.

"I see you are always busy," he said. "Studying, studying. And is it always mathematics?"

I guess I sighed.

He came in and sat down on Konrad's bed. He looked thoughtful for a few moments and then spoke again. "It is obvious to me that you know a great deal more about basketball than you will admit."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm not going out for the team and that's final."

He held up his hand. "No, no, that is not why I am here. If you do not wish to go out for the team that is your decision and I will not urge you to do otherwise." He shook his head. "No, I wish merely to ask you a question. Do you think that Konrad will ever—even with the utmost efforts—excel at basketball? Or even become at least mediocre?"

I tried to think of some kind words, but wasn't making it.

"It is hopeless, is it not?" Coach Werner offered.

I had to nod.

Coach Werner sighed. "I have never had the courage to tell him. Not just with this basketball, but he is no athlete in anything and will never become one. It is with a heavy heart that I have watched him strive mightily and unsuccessfully at many sports, including soccer, at which he is the worst."

(Continued on page 12)

Basketball, Ach Nein!

(Continued from page 11)

The coach seemed puzzled. "Why does Konrad continue all this striving when it is so hopeless?"

Boy, I thought, talk about a lack of communication. "Konrad's been doing all this because he thinks that as a former athlete you would want him to follow in your footsteps."

That was an eye-opener to Coach Werner. "In my footsteps?" He shook his head. "Ja, I was an athlete and placed twelfth in the hop, skip, and jump in the Olympics, but in my *Gymnasium* I graduated 127th in a class of 128, beating only my cousin Hermann, who is a *Dummkopf*. How I envied the scholars with their gaze of eagles, or at least ospreys! But Konrad is at the head of his class, and it is for this particular fact that I am so proud of him. Athletics is not at all necessary for Konrad. It is even superfluous."

I thought that Konrad ought to be the first to know—or at least the second—so I went to the doorway and called down. "Konrad, come up here a minute. I think your father's got some good news for you."

When they left together, they were beaming and headed for a sandwich in the kitchen.

I sat down to my books again.

Well, I thought, that solves their problem, but what about me?

In my case, there's no misunderstanding at all. Nothing would make Dad happier than for me to go on to college and get one of those doctorates in mathematics.

And Dad didn't care for sports and I knew it and he knew it and that was that.

I was writing a letter back home when Konrad came back up, at about ten.

I looked up. "My Dad's been asking about Einstein and his pole-vaulting. Where could I find the proof that it really happened?"

Konrad hesitated for a moment and then grinned. "Since you have saved my life, so to speak, I will tell you the truth. The pole-vaulter was not Albert Einstein, but Gustav Einstein, who now operates a shoe store in Schaan, which is slightly to the north. This is all what you

Americans call 'a running gag,' and we play this upon tourists and sometimes exchange students. It is similar to what you do when you send a victim from place to place in search of a left-handed monkey wrench."

Something clicked, and I saw a way to solve my problem. I stared at my letter for a while before I could think of the right words to write.

"Tell Dad that Einstein really was a pole-vaulter. If he doesn't believe it, he can ask any Liechtensteiner."

During the next week, I burned a lot of midnight oil, but I began slipping back to B's in my math tests, and finally I got a C.

I was brooding about that when I got another letter from home.

Usually my mother does the family letter-writing, but this time I recognized my father's handwriting.

"Dear Son,

"Frankly, your information concerning Einstein had me reeling. I suppose there's really nothing wrong with pole-vaulting, but I just have difficulty picturing Einstein doing it.

"Since I was unable to find any substantiating evidence, but remembering your words 'If he doesn't believe it, he can ask any Liechtensteiner,' I suddenly remembered that we have an authentic Liechtensteiner in our midst—namely, Max Steiniger over at Stevenson High.

"I went over to see him, and he backs you up completely though I imagine that the spectacle of Einstein clearing the sixteen-foot mark is rather startling to him, too, because he seemed to have difficulty repressing a smile at the thought.

"But all this led to something more important. Steiniger asked how you were doing and seemed to express some doubts about your future in mathematics.

"Naturally I wanted to know why, and the next thing I knew we were going over some aptitude tests you'd taken at school.

"I was flabbergasted to discover that you have practically no natural aptitude for mathematics. Not according to the tests.

"On the other hand, the tests indicated that your real abilities

lie in the direction of the natural sciences—biology, zoology, and the like.

"I don't know whether this is a disappointment to you or not. You seem to have pointed your life toward mathematics, but don't you think that it might be wise to give this some thought? If mathematics isn't your field, you really ought to face up to it.

"Your mother—reading over my shoulder as I write this—seems to think that perhaps I've been giving you the impression that nothing exists but mathematics. I don't quite follow that, but I suppose it's possible.

"I keep thinking about Einstein. Do you suppose he resorted to this pole-vaulting as a tension reliever? Which reminds me, why did you so suddenly give up basketball? It seemed like a nice healthy thing for you to be doing and you appeared to enjoy it.

"Anyway, give the whole matter some thought. Personally, I think it's a remarkable piece of luck that I happened to see Steiniger on this Einstein matter and the subject came up."

I grinned. Well, not *exactly* just a remarkable piece of luck. Sometimes these things took a little arranging so that the right people met each other at the right time.

And now I would have to write a letter to Dad and be more specific about the Einsteins, Gustav and Albert.

After all, Dad and I were pretty close and we never had any misunderstandings.

Well—hardly ever.

AS THE STORY GOES

Much of the humor of this amusing story is in the conscious and unconscious wit of the characters' speech. And, of course, even the narrative portions are in the speech of one of the characters.

- Find a few lines that you find particularly amusing and read them to the rest of the class.

- The much-discussed "generation gap" is the central problem in the plot. What is the obvious solution? Compare this fictional problem and its solution to a real-life situation you have observed.